A NEW

POEM

ON THE

Lord Mayor,

HAil Loyal Sir! who timely did'ſt provide
Againſt our Ruine, and has turn'd the Tide;
Wiſely compoſing this our frantick Age:
How have you quell'd the bold Fanaticks Rage?
Thoſe *Wolves* will now ſeem Lambs upon the Stage.
When Pious Factions did in Crowds appear,
You wrought our Safety with a Father's Care;
With eaſie Conduct, and by Right of Laws
O'erthrew the Idols of the *Canting Cauſe*;
Taught the bold Herd to know their Servile Bounds,
Such was your Zeal to heal the Nation's Wounds.
Schiſm from you receiv'd a Fatal Blow,
The Church now flouriſhes in their Overthrow;
The Fountain purg'd, Cœleſtial Streams muſt flow.
Whilſt to the Land Religious Peace you bring;
At once you honor God, and ſerve your King.
Thus you improve the Talent of your Truſt,
The Kingdom's Happineſs proclaims you Juſt.
Under your Wings we're ſafe; for while you ſway,
Not *India*'s Wealth can *England*'s Peace betray.
London, the Pride and Glory of the Land,
The Spring of Peace, and War's enflaming Brand,
You rule the Nation as you that Command.
Indulgent Patriot, Guardian of our Fate,
Diſſentions Scourge, and Pillar of the State,
Your great Succeſs fore-tells that happy Day,
When Juſtice ſhall o'er *Belial-Conſcience* ſway,
And zealous Traitors ſuffer for their Crimes;
You blaſt the dang'rous Projects of the Times.
A Nations Bleſſing, *Thee*, we muſt confeſs,
Great in your Office, which may you poſſeſs,
Till by your Sov'raign's Favours rais'd more high,
Our one continued Bleſſing till you dye.
Oh! who can ſing thy Praiſe, or who can tell
Your growing Worth? ſo far it does excell——
Your Vertues ſuch, and ſuch your Sacred Fame,
Our grateful Land thus celebrates your Name:

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